

OUR DOG BUFFY



Gwendolyn H. Jaffray

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by
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THAT'S "BUFFY"!

A little puppy - not yet called "Buffy"
In a large warm hand made himself comfy
Came home with us to a little blue kitchen
To live on a very special diet of egg cartons,
Friskies and kiss'en

He grew to ten pounds of fun and obedience
Partly cause he'd earned a green ribbon
In dog school thru sheer expedience
He heeled, he sat, and came when called
And stood quite still while he was judged over-all

Now little white Buffy went outside alone
Testing the grass as he roamed
Sniffing, snuffing, and burrowing his nose
Deciphering neighborhood messages
Don't you know!

Hearing a rustle, a sound or a noise
He tensed, excited, and tingled with joy Then
rushing and hopping - not seeing quite where
He's completely beguiled when pheasants are
Flushed into the air!

Jumpy toads, treeing squirrels,
Bob-bobbing rabbits keep him in a twirl
This, Oh Joy! was his great delight!
To think that he was keeping
All things living in flight!

When seeing children - He'd rush forth
With wagging tail - and on dancing toes
Lick laughing faces vainly hidden
By arms in soft green grassy places Wiggling
under tummies - both large and small

He'd finally manage to tease and kiss them all
Then - there's still time -
Shall we play Ball?
Black button nose pushing beach ball across the

grass
Causing a Frensy!
That's a fact!
Reluctantly, the children must retrieve it at the last
From a tongue hanging, panting Buffy
Who was fatigued - Alas!
Then once again, little dog all alone

Squatting on the grass He leaves and waddles home
To drink and eat his fill and lounge all night
But only till the early morning light
When once again Out He'd go To greet the world
And let it know THAT'S "BUFFY"!

ONE OF A VERY SPECIAL KIND

Cats, cats, cats! You say you like cats? Well, we like dogs! That is, one particular little dog called "Buffy" - little dancing, prancing, wiggly, waggly bundle of charm! "Buffy" wasn't always his name but it became his out of necessity. "Puppy" came first for lack of an absolutely unique name to fit his personality. But as time moved on and on, his step- grandfather insisted a proper name be chosen. After all, babies aren't called "Baby" all their lives. So, ever after he was "Buffy".

"Buffy" matched his silky smooth hair coloring but certainly not his personality.

All pedigrees (blue bloods of the dog kingdom) can trace their lineage back for generations and have registered papers to prove it. Registered papers, Buffy has none, Ah! but lineage, he had in good abundance and it all happened like this.

Once upon a time there were two little dogs named Romeo and Juliet. Romeo was Pekingese, Pomeranian, and Toy Poodle. Juliet was Toy Poodle and Pekingese. Their romance blossomed into a charming little six pound dog called Cleopatra who was enveloped in long flowing white hair with a very captivating walk. In spite of this blessing, Juliet ran away with a black Cocker Spaniel resulting in the shocking appearance of "Goofy". Soon thereafter Juliet was banished to another home. Thus the inevitable happened and Romeo and Goofy welcomed a new addition named Lucy. Lucy grew up to be a nice unpretentious, capable young dog but alas!

her suitors were not many. So, as often happens in such cases, arrangements were made for a suitable match.

The head deacon of the local church had a young, eligible bachelor, (I think you might guess) named Peanuts. Peanuts was of Pekingese and Chihuahua birth. Thus, Lucy left home and parents to settle into wedded bliss with Peanuts. In this happy home on July 11th our Buffy was born, one of three wee puppies - one black, one brown and one white - one of a very special kind!

Our first visit to see Peanuts and Lucy's puppies and to choose one, was when they were only four weeks old. Just large enough to fit into the palm of a man's hand and that is just what Buffy did. A little ball of white fluff wobbled across a kitchen table top right into the warm palm of a man's hand, curled up and went to sleep. There was no doubt that he was our little dog, or who

chose whom.

Two weeks later, in the evening, when we just wanted to see him once again for a minute, he unexpectedly came home to stay with us in our little blue kitchen and a floor hurriedly covered with newspapers. His first night was something of a trauma, as it would be for any baby taken away from its mother so early in life. But in an effort to compensate for this, bath towels were put in his cardboard box and sandwiched between them was a hot water bottle and a ticking clock. In a magazine article written about dogs, the expert assured readers that this would simulate the warmth of the mother dog and the beating of her heart, calming the hearts of puppies to contentment, security and sleep.

YIP - Yip Yip - Yip! This absolutely perfect solution found us fervently and continually "yipped" for. Up we'd jump,

dash to the kitchen again and again in the vainest of attempts to comfort and settle down our new little puppy. Finally, 2 a.m. found us sitting on the kitchen floor while this little bundle of fluff revelled in the new found joy of "playing ball". Enough is enough! A newspaper was rolled up into a big stick. A firm but gentle swat on the rear flank finally brought quiet, peace and sleep to all.

Morning always comes too soon for night owls and the unprepared. A new puppy in the house and no food to feed him. Fortunately a mashed hard boiled egg seemed to fill the right little spot temporarily. But then what? Because we wanted to raise a healthy dog we decided on a commerical dog food. This, we reasoned, would provide a nutritionally well-balanced diet rather than the steak and ice cream one that Buffy's captivating Aunt Cleo occasionally managed to coax from her

mistress with such unhappy results.

Happy puppyhood days followed with morning and evening walks around the block, cardboard egg cartons to chew to shreds, knotted socks for tug of war, rawhide chips to teeth on, retrieving balls to build muscles and very occasionally, special treats such as stealing licks from an ice cream cone and toasted marshmallows before an open fire.

Well, it always began as an open fire that progressed to the red hot coals that gave a cozy dim glow to our darkened livingroom. There the three of us sat in front of the glowing coals with Bob holding a wire coat hanger bent especially for toasting marshmallows. Buffy and I eagerly awaited our turns for those perfectly toasted marshmallows. Delicious! They really were delicious with their melted centers covered a crisp golden brown.

Every time one was ready, Buffy's little tongue would lick his muzzle and his tail would waggle in anticipation. His marshmallows, we quickly learned, had to be given under strict supervision to avoid the marshmallow whiskers and muzzle he loved to rub off on the rug, us, or anything else he was able to get near. Then after an hour or so of marshmallow enjoyment the coals would die out and off we'd all go to our beds with visions of more and more marshmallows dancing in our heads.

STEALING A FEW

When Buffy was several months old, he found he had a liking for ice cream. One very hot summer day, it seemed like the only cooling and comforting thing to do was to walk to the "31 Flavors" ice cream store and enjoy some wet, cold ice cream. Even though it was hot, Buffy and I followed the shade of trees to my desire. Boldly, we walked into the nice air conditioned store. I tied Buffy's leash to the leg of a chair telling him to "sit", "stay" while I went to make my choice of chocolate almond, double please!

I took a few licks while kneeling to untie Buffy's leash from the chair leg and suddenly, the ice cream got a few more

unexpected licks from a well aimed stretched tongue. I was so surprised! I didn't know Buffy was so close. Well, I guessed I wouldn't die if I continued to eat the ice cream without wiping it off. Finally getting the leash untied and keeping the cone out of reach, we started home.

One signaled street corner had to be crossed. I picked Buffy up, carrying him under my left arm, partly supported by my hip because I didn't want to run him across the hot asphalt street. The hot asphalt might burn his tender foot pads which dogs sweat through along with their tongues. Then somehow, in setting him back down, the cone was again tipped to his advantage and a real good lick and slurp were enjoyed. It really hadn't been my intention to share that ice cream cone but I finally yielded a little more and willingly gave him the end of the cone containing the melted ice cream. Slurp, lick, love!

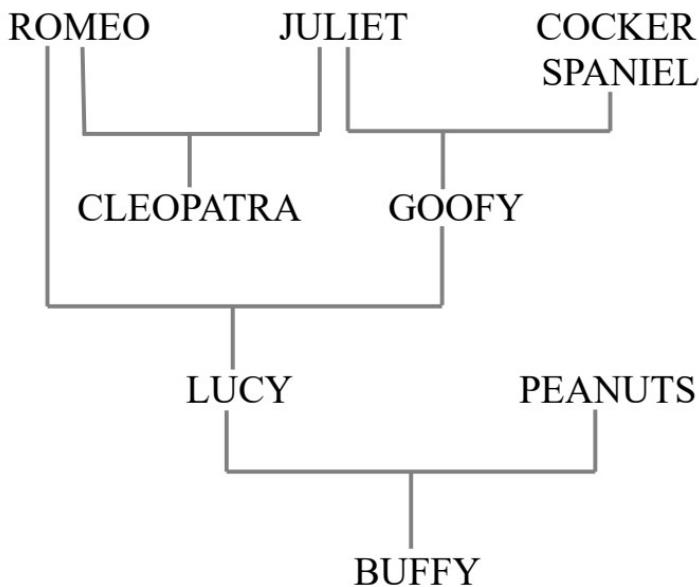
Buffy was a real winner everywhere we went, and he went everywhere with us. Everywhere included department and ice cream stores, banks, job hunting, vacations, airplanes, picnics, walks, bike and boat rides, motels, beaches, etc. He was always well behaved, friendly and good natured which seemed to be what drew people to him. Of course, when they came near he'd break rank and wiggle, waggle, just to say hello. It was as though each person thought Buffy was especially attracted to them only. To tell the truth, there were times when I wondered if he knew who his owners were. One little incident encouraged me though that deep down in his little heart, he really did know. Some friends where going to take a picture of Bob and me sitting in our living room chairs. We were seated, posing when Buffy strolled over and lay down between us, just a second before the picture was taken. Even though he wasn't called, it was

as though he knew he was part of our family and should be included in the picture too.

People offered to pay any price I would name for him, others stopped their cars just to watch him as he ran after us down the sidewalks, a little bundle of fluff, even on hands and knees people said, "I love you, Buffy", and strangest of all, Donald Duck spoke to him in his quacky voice. The man who was the first voice of Donald Duck lived on the street east of us in Glendale, Calif. and one day as we were walking we were honored to hear him speak in that famous voice to us. Another time when we took a ten week vacation, Buffy was left with some friends. The husband definitely did not like dogs, however, when we came back for Buffy, he told us what an easy dog Buffy was to have around. Buffy hadn't barked and obeyed when he was told to stay on his mat and really fit into their lives very well. For a moment I thought we might not

get him back.

BUFFY'S LINEAGE



Romeo was Pekinese, Pomeranian and Toy Poodle

Juliet was Pekinese and Poodle

Peanuts was Pekinese and Chihuahua.

So Buffy was Pekinese, Pomeranian, Poodle, black Cocker Spaniel, and Chihuahua - mostly Pekinese, but 1/4 Chihuahua.

TRAIN UP A WHAT?

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it". Dogs and children all need training and school is part of the answer. Most dogs should start school anywhere from 6 months on up. Since a undisciplined spoiled dog is as obnoxious as a spoiled undisciplined child we were determined to train Buffy so we could enjoy, rather than endure him.

A private Obedience School was found. Private, well..., we did pay a tuition fee. Our apprehension mounted as the first evening of school approached. Upon our arrival at class we found that fifty cars, fifty plus

adults and fifty excited dogs had converged upon a local city park. Each dog had a slip choke chain, a six-foot leather leash and was to be trained by his or her owner under the guidance of the school's trainer.

Time for school to begin and after some preliminary instructions we formed a large circle, our dogs "on leash" by our left sides. "Walk your dogs". Walk our dogs we did in a large round circle fifty times to accustom our dogs to walk beside us. In the following weeks, we learned to give a quick snap and release on the slip choke chain if our dog pulled ahead, lagged behind, sniffed, crowded the handler, or barked.

The quick "snap and release" was essential so the dog wouldn't choke or incur neck injuries by a prolonged tightness on the choke chain. It was to be a firm and gentle training reminder in the teaching and learning of correct and acceptable behavior.

We also learned to always, but always, carry a shovel and paper bag in case our dogs had an accident in public.* Praise your dog when he does what you are training him to do. Practice each day with your dog. Teach your dog to come immediately when you say "come". If he doesn't, put on the 6 foot leash or a long strong line giving a quick snap and quickly pull him to you when you say "come". Praise your dog. Practice - practice - tell your dog to "stay" - "to lie down"- "to come" - "sit" and then practice with him some more.

* Many states have leash laws that require you to clean up after your dog if they void in public. An easy way to take care of the problem is to simply carry plastic bags in your pockets and when the time arises, place your hand inside the plastic bag, pick up the droppings, invert the bag and knot it. Trash it when you get home. (It's really important and really not that inconvenient to show respect and appreciation

for other people's and public property).

Did someone say "practice makes perfect"? Bob and I certainly were becoming perfect, but what about Buffy?

Little Buffy, was the youngest and smallest dog in the class. He strived hard to please us, plus be accepted by his peers. He worked very hard at it, so when the final exam came we hoped he'd pass. Buffy was to obey us as we obeyed the instructor's commands and then he would get a certain number of points for his performance. One by one, owners and dogs went through the test and finally, it was all over.

First place ribbon - a beautiful Sheltie, then there was second place - - -, third place - - -, fourth, fifth, and sixth place - - - BUFFY JAFFRAY! Sixth place in a class of fifty and the youngest in school! We

certainly were happy and proud. Buffy had graduated with honors in the Novice Class and I guess we didn't do too bad either.**

** Dog Competitions, which are for pure-bred dogs who are registered with the American Kennel Club (51 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010), have three categories:

1) "Dog Shows" with stress on Conformation. Conformation judges how closely a dog measures up to the "ideal" or official standards of the particular breed as published in the American Kennel Club's "The Complete Dog Book".

2) "Field Trials" are working tests of a dog and a man as a team and to see if the dog still has the ability of its breed to perform the type of work for which it was bred.

3) "Obedience Trials" also tests the man and the dog but the dog is "on leash" and performs a prescribed set of exercises. The Novice-

Companion Dog (C.D.); Open-Companion Dog Excellent (C.D.X.); and Utility are the three different levels of the Obedience Trials. The Novice level includes six exercises: heel on leash, stand for examination, heel free, recall, long sit and long down. The Novice Class can be entered by all breeds, spayed bitches, neutered dogs and dogs that would be disqualified from the show ring under breed standards. At licenced events, points are earned toward Championship titles or credit toward Field or Obedience titles. Informal events do not earn points.

The American Kennel Club, a non-profit organization founded in 1884, keeps a registry of recognized breeds, adopts and enforces rules and regulations for Dog Shows, Obedience Trials and Field Trials and maintains a Reference Library that can be visited by the public.

YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER

Buffy met several interesting dogs at dog school. One was Oliver, a 60 pound, 22" tall Old English Sheepdog. The other was Claudette, a Basset Hound.

Oliver, that big shaggy dog, was just a puppy at heart and as we found out later these dogs are slower to mature. They benefit most from training at about 12 months and Oliver would have been no exception. For at six months old he would almost drag his owner across the park in his youthful enthusiasm. This was in spite of having a slip choke chain and a strong wide leather leash on. His owner, a man, learned

to wear leather gloves and hold on with both hands to everyone's great amusement and wonderment at who was training who.

As the classes progressed Oliver occasionally rewarded his owner with a few moments of obedience which seemed as though progress was really being made after all. However, one week they missed a lesson and of course, we all wondered why?

It turned out that as Oliver was having his regular afternoon walk and was about a block away from home, he suddenly became desperately ill and simply could not go a step further. Oliver sat down. His owner commanded, tugged, pulled, and pulled some more. Oliver wouldn't budge! Tug, pull, tug, pull. Not a budge, not even a little one. Reluctantly, Oliver was gathered up, all 60 shaggy pounds of him, into his owners arms and he staggered home to his apartment. Once in the apartment, he put

Oliver down, slumped into his chair thinking he would try to recuperate while watching some T.V. But, Oliver had other ideas. He was sick, sick, sick! He wanted some tender loving care and he wanted it now. So, climbing on his master's lap he insisted on being held and comforted, the entire long, hot summer evening.

Oliver's owner later confessed he just didn't have the heart to tell Oliver he wasn't a lap dog or that Oliver was suffocating him under all that shaggy fur and more importantly, they were suppose to be attending the Dog School Obedience class!!!

Then there was Claudette. Claudette wasn't naive and actually she was incredibly shrewd in certain matters. "Certain matters" being ruling the roost, or, in other words, "being boss".

Many times we observed Claudette's mistress training Claudette and just as many times I wondered how that pensive looking, slow moving and seemingly dumb dog could ever be taught to obey. Obviously, she had a hearing problem as she didn't seem to hear the commands and when she did, she moved extremely slow, needing almost constant praise and encouragement for performing the smallest command. She didn't seem to know when to sit down, when to stand up, when to walk or heel or when to anything else for that matter. It was unbelievable! I felt so sorry for her. Poor, poor dog! Poor, poor mistress to choose such a dog.

Then, one day after class Claudette's mistress and I were talking about her when suddenly I couldn't believe my eyes. Claudette, that great faker, had scented and heard a dog bark on the other side of the park. With a jerk on the leash she was free

and running like a streak of lighting. There wasn't a thing wrong with that dog! Her scent was good, her running ability was fantastic and her hearing perfect.

Later, in reading a little about Basset Hounds, I found out how badly I had been fooled. Basset Hounds, I learned, have smooth coats and are long bodied, short legged dogs that stand 14" from the ground. ("Bas" meaning low-set) Even though they are low-set and have deliberate movements, they are never clumsy. They are noted for having the greatest scenting ability among dogs and are intelligent, kindly and docile. Also they are very adept at playing dumb and delight in out maneuvering you to gain their own way. They even pretend poor hearing when they don't want to obey.

REFERENCE BOOKS ON DOG OBEDIENCE -

The Complete Dog Book - The American
Kennel Club

The Complete OPEN Obedience Course -
Blanche Saunders

The Complete Book of Dog Training and
Care - J.J. McCoy

Simplified Dog Behaviour for Home, Car,
and Street - Fred Otte

ADVENTURE IN MOVING

One day when Buffy was about a year and half old the big decision was made to move to Michigan. With everything packed, we started our "ADVENTURE IN MOVING". Buffy found a semi-comfortable spot on the floor boards of the U-Haul truck weathering the two thousand mile trip with patience and real stamina.

Arriving in Michigan at the end of the colorful Fall season and just before winter, we moved into a duplex during a light rain. Our new home was encircled by an immense green grassy area on the south, and the north side was nestled near a vacant

field bordering a large fifty by one hundred foot pond. Around the pond, trees were grouped here and there and on the west end was a natural area crowded with wild black raspberry bushes. Into this area and under a canopy of crabapple trees, a small stream trickled through a pipe under the dirt bridge, from the large pond. A field to the east, across the road, sported an old red barn with four or five grazing horses and an apple green farmhouse resting lazily under two large maple trees. We were encircled by country atmosphere. Our views in each direction were like paintings, calm and restful, and yet, we were only fifteen minutes away from the hustle and bustle of the city malls. It was a perfect situation.

Before renting the duplex, we assured the Landlord that Buffy was a trained and well behaved dog. Since they had just lost their dog, they were happy that we had a dog and welcomed us. We felt happy too

and fortunate to find a carpeted six month old duplex where we were allowed to keep a dog.

After everything was moved in, we needed groceries, so we did what we had always done before. Buffy was put in the kitchen behind a square piece of wood paneling which blocked the kitchen door opening, exactly as we had done in California. A chair was put in front of the paneling to steady it. This, a familiar situation for him, should have given him some feeling of security.

To our great embarrassment, "security" was replaced with a determined effort to get out of that kitchen. When we arrived home the proudest little dog greeted us at the front door. He had chewed the molding off the doorway, pushed the wood paneling away and escaped what he must have thought was an intolerable situation. Oh, he danced and

pranced around as it to say "Aren't you proud of me? was able to get out". After some discipline, we faced the unpleasant task of telling our landlord. Graciously, he forgave us. The landlord/owner was also the builder so the damage was quickly repaired and all was well. Buffy had never been destructive before and never was after that.

There was one other vital thing we had to teach Buffy and that was NOT to cross the deep ditch, which paralleled the road, under any circumstances. It wasn't a main street but many cars seemed to travel it. Being a teacher, Bob did the training. He stood on the other side of the ditch next to the road and called Buffy to him. Buffy came quickly and received a spanking. Bob put him back on the other side of the ditch and called him again. Buffy hesitated but came. Another spanking. Again Buffy was returned to the other side of the ditch and called. No way. Buff wouldn't even move. I

crossed the ditch and called. Same results, he wouldn't move. Smart dog! He got the message. Since we couldn't verbally explain the dangerous situation, we had to speak to him physically.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS

It was mid-morning and while I was still settling into our new home, the doorbell rang. I thought maybe a neighbor had come over to welcome us. But no one was at the front door. Then another ring, so I hurried to the back door, opening it I found to my surprise, two little girls under six years old. "Can Buffy come out and play?" I looked at them wondering if I had heard correctly. "Can Buffy come out and play with us?" Oh, ah, yes, of course, I heard myself saying as though it was a perfectly normal thing but multiple thoughts were racing through my mind. Who were these little girls? How did they know Buffy's name?

They talked about Buffy as if he were a person. How funny to ask for a dog to come out and play! I just had to laugh but then I quickly peeked through the curtain to see that "the playing" was going smoothly. In about fifteen minutes I called Buffy indoors, saying that was enough play for today.

In the following years I got used to that back doorbell ring, often twice a day or more and finding two, three or four little smiling faces asking if Buffy could come out and play. The children were always amazed how well Buffy obeyed. They took turns trying to make him obey their commands, in which he often graciously indulged them, but really he thought it much more fun to wiggle under their tummies and lick their faces. Giggles and more giggles amid calls of "Here Buffy" kept him quite busy running from one to the other, teasing and heaping kisses on each one. Always the perfect host and gentleman,

he never showed favoritism but showered his wet licking attentions equally to all. He liked the whole world and the whole world seemed to love him.

His friendliness and fun to be with must have gotten around the neighborhood for one day there was another voice at our back door calling for him. "Meow, meow, meow". I looked through the lower part of our door's glass storm window and there was a blue eyed Siamese cat with his paws up on the window. Buffy ran to the door and planted his paws up on the inside of the window and began woof, woof, woofing back. It seemed a good three minutes that this little scenario went on. The cat refused to go away or even get frightened on hearing a woof instead of a meow. So after a few more seconds of this eyeball to eyeball woof, meow, woof, woof, meow routine, I wondered whether I dared open the door or not. Maybe, I thought, if I opened the door a

tiny crack and let them touch noses, they would realize they weren't the same kind. Well, Buffy squeeezed through the door and off went the Siamese and our "one of a kind"! All I could think was, "Ohhh no!".

Dashing out the door I found the Siamese sitting calmly in the center of the nice green grassy area casually cleaning himself while Buffy ran around him in circles, wagging his tail and barking. Suddenly Buffy saw me and started running toward me to let me know what a lot of fun he was already having. He resisted coming too close though, so I wasn't able to quickly pick him up. So close but several feet from me he turned, making a wild dash toward the cat who was still licking and cleaning himself. I hid my face and looked between my fingers, wincing, because I knew this time he would surely get a good scratch on his nose. Buffy pounced on the cat and over they rolled. Both bounced back on their

feet. Then the cat ever so calmly sat down and started again to leisurely clean himself. Buffy barked, circled, backed up and repeated his performance a couple more times. Amazingly, unbelievably, this strange Siamese cat really seemed to be friendly, not retaliatory. Could he really love to be knocked down rolled over while trying to groom himself? However, then and every time after that when the cat had enough, off he'd run to climb the apple tree on the north side of the house near the pignut tree. Fortunately, Buffy never learned to climb trees.

Thus, I also got used to the meowing at our back door for Buffy to come out and play. Those two played this way together many times until the cat's owners decided they didn't like seeing their declawed pet continually knocked down and rolled over by Buffy, that rowdy!

Bob taught Buffy many things, even to growl, but somehow it seems he forgot to teach him to chase cats instead of play with them. Secretly, I believe Buffy thinks squirrels are cats - - he always chases squirrels!

INQUISITIVE

November always brought the first snow of the winter usually in time for Thanksgiving. Winters in Michigan are crisp, delightful, refreshing but never, never cold! At least, that's what you must coax your mind into believing when you have a little dog that needs walking each day through a field of snow, rain, or wind which often lowers the chill factor below zero degrees.

To avoid having to take Buffy out so many times each day, we got into the habit of letting him out alone just one more time at night for about two minutes before

bedtime. One night when the snow was on the ground and it was icy cold and the chill factor was working overtime, we let him outside in spite of the sound of snowmobiles.

Snowmobiles drove all around, back and forth over the field next to the pond, across people's back yards and anywhere they pleased. That was before the law was passed that they had to stay on the snowmobile paths next to the roads. One of our neighbors told us they had hit a rabbit with their snowmobile one night in the field. They didn't see the white rabbit in time to swerve fast enough to miss it.

Two minutes were over and the timer rang. I opened the kitchen door to call Buffy into the house.

Buff! Buffy! Buffy Come! Come Buffy,
BUFFY COME!

There was no response. Thinking he probably couldn't hear above the noisy snowmobiles, I continued to call some more. Suddenly, I became frantic, realizing I had been calling now for over ten minutes. Excitedly hollering at Bob for help, we both quickly pulled on our boots, coats, scarfs, gloves and caps and dashed out in the cold snowy night calling for Buffy.

He wasn't anywhere near the house. We rushed to search around neighbors houses and by the road. Nothing. If he'd wandered into the field he could have been hit by one of the many snowmobiles and if alive, couldn't get home. Or else it just was too long a time and he was dead. Could we even find him? I went back into the house quite dejected but Bob decided to continue looking.

After a very long while, the back door opened and I thought "Here comes the bad news". Instead, there was a little snow covered Buffy with bright and shiny eyes. He shook his fur and snow flew everywhere. "Where was he? Where did you find him?" Bob laughed.

Buffy had somehow, in spite of the snowmobiles, crossed the field and gone down to the pond. The pond was lit up by bright flood lights and ice skaters were gliding gracefully all around. In one corner of the ice a little Buffy was wiggly-wagging and skiddering to the delighted attention of ice skating admirers when found. If Buffy had a middle name it would have to have been Inquisitive and that was one of the times we were so glad he was safe, that we just couldn't scold him.

BOB-BOBBING RABBITS

In mid-winter it seemed as though the whole world was tucked securely under its white blanket. Here and there an eager animal poked its head from under the cover in search of Spring. Others donned their winter coats and frolicked in its quietness, leaving only tell-tale foot prints which snow flakes gently covered, tucking the white blanket securely in again.

Bob and Buffy often saw frolicking rabbits on their daily walks as they crossed the dirt bridge piled high with snow at the west end of the pond near the raspberry bush area. Each time Buffy would tense with excitement but invariably the white

rabbit could dash by him within a few feet and only after a second or two, too late, Buffy would catch the scent and actually hoppity hop fervently after the vanished rabbit.

Of course, it was time for help and Bob became the sleuth who solved the mystery of the vanishing rabbit as again and again the rabbit was able to suddenly disappear. It was on a day when winter's blanket was beginning to be thrown back slightly in preparation for its light spring one that revealed the tips of pipes stacked so neatly together. Again as before, the rabbit disappeared and a bewildered, disappointed little dog hopped wildly about but not for too long. This time a little dog was commanded to obediently sit by the end of the long pipes and "watch". A stick smartly rang the metal pipes producing a white rabbit right in front of Buffy's face. In all the ensuing excitement, if you could believe

it, that rabbit got away and Buffy went hoppity hopping wildly about as before.

Eleven pounds isn't a lot of dog but on occasion it could produce some spectacular and rewarding results. Spring brought the enjoyment of walks through wheat fields and tall grasses of various kinds. Pheasants would feed and nest in these areas and if you carefully watched the tips of the grasses or wheat and saw it waving slightly you could say "pheasant" and point a little dog's nose in the right direction. Tensing and excited he would rush and hop, not knowing quite where, and inadvertently, flush pheasants in the air. This became one of his many delights and slowly he developed some his own techniques of finding and flushing out pheasants, then barking with joy if he happened to succeed.

Being a house pet, Buffy was not allowed to bark indoors so we had to find

something that we could designate as "OK" to bark at. In addition to squirrels and pheasants, the culprits became horses and cows. These he would gayly bark at as we flew by the countryside in our white V.W. called Casper. Our rule was, he had to see the animals before he could bark. He caught on too quickly, that is to us, for each time we would say quietly to each other "There's some cows" or "There's some horses over there", he would immediately sense what we'd said and bark without really seeing them. This became very obvious because he was looking and barking in the opposite direction. So, we began ever so slyly to poke each other when we saw the culprits and occasionally a prompt was given so all the fun wouldn't be missed. Sometimes, he even saw them first.

Eventually at home we were prohibited from walking in the field because the owners fenced it in for their horses but this

only gave Buffy his very own close up of horses to bark at. At first Buffy's curiosity caused him to walk right under the fence and up to the horses' hoofs to sniff and bark. The horses nervously pawed the earth. Suddenly the better part of wisdom caused us to try to hold him securely in our arms while he vigorously pummelled our stomachs with his hind legs as he barked at them. No matter how many times we went to see the horses, he would always get excited and bark and the horses would always come to the fence to look at the little noise maker. Buffy really didn't scare them. Probably it was because they didn't understand a woof of what he was barking.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Going home for Christmas and Thanksgiving is almost as American as apple pie, no matter what age you are, and a five hour plane ride is much better than a five day automobile drive across country. However, transporting a dog years ago seemed to be very difficult unless you were willing to send him as baggage. We were not willing to do that especially since reading an article in a Reader's Digest about the many deaths of dogs transported in the luggage compartment of planes.

At that time children under a certain age could fly free and they weren't stuffed into boxes with small air holes that must fit

under a plane seat or go into the baggage compartment where the jet noise and cold are intolerable. Of course, children don't bite but they do whine, cry, hit, spill food, etc. and if you don't let the word around, they sometimes do bite! I've even heard of one that had to wear a sign around his neck saying "Don't play with me, I bite".

After many phone calls and arrangements we drove Casper, our car, to Chicago and parked him in the airport parking lot for a cold winter week and some hard cold cash. While checking our luggage in, we found we were "bumped" from our original flight to another airline onto their Hawaiian flight. That sounded interesting. Our luggage was put aboard. Buffy was sealed in his box and we were getting our assigned seating when Buffy was rediscovered.

"What's in the carrier box?" "Our dog,

Buffy." "No, no, sorry. We do not allow dogs to fly in the cabins of the planes, only in the luggage compartment". "WHAT??"

No amount of explaining that these arrangements had especially been made before we left Grand Rapids and that was the only reason we drove the extra five hours to the Chicago airport and were willing to park our car for a week at the airport. The airline in Grand Rapids said that was the only way that we could take Buffy with us in the cabin of the plane. However, this was a different airline since we had been bumped from the other flight. We wondered what to do and in exasperation, we demanded our luggage returned to us.

"Oh no, that's impossible. The luggage is already in the hole of the plane." We said, "We demand our luggage back." They said, "No, its impossible to get it out of the plane

now. After all, you're going to Los Angeles anyway, aren't you?" Our answer was, "We're trying to". Then we demanded our luggage again for whatever good it might do.

The man we were speaking to rushed off in a huff!

It sure looked like our luggage was going to have a nice sunny Thanksgiving in California without us. We didn't know what to do next, so we thought we'd just sit a little while, collect our thoughts and feelings, and then we guessed, we'd retrieve Casper and go back home to Michigan. One thing we knew for certain was that we weren't going to fly to California with Buffy in the baggage compartment of the plane.

Suddenly, surprise of surprises, the man who so determinately said "NO" appeared again. He was all smiles and graciously

explained a phone call had been placed through to the President of the airlines in California and the official rule was - "that one, only one dog was allowed in each plane cabin". Hooray! At last we were flying and with Buffy, the one dog allowed in our plane cabin! He was in his cardboard carrier under the seat in front of us. Whimpering as we were gaining altitude, Bob and I tried to comfort him by wiggling our fingers through a couple of the tiny openings. Buffy suckled my finger and we just wondered how he would have managed in a noisy, crowded, cold baggage compartment, not knowing where he was or what was happening, perhaps with other luggage even blocking the airholes of his box.

Since that time, Buffy has flown in a plane cabin several times. The last time was again for a holiday - Christmas. It also was to California and we were scheduled for a

night flight on the twenty third of December. This time I was told I could fly directly from Grand Rapids to Los Angeles with Buffy in the cabin. The only hitch was that I must have a ten dollar health certificate from our veterinarian signifying that he was in good health. Bob was already in California and we were anxious to spend the holidays together.

Our landlord taxied Buffy and me to the airport and accompanied us to the luggage check-in counter. I had Buffy's health certificate in my purse and Buffy in my arms and our landlord carried my one piece of luggage. The luggage was checked in without any difficulty. This happened to be the same airline as the one that we had had the "incident" with Buffy about several years earlier, but somehow, I wasn't prepared for "No, absolutely No! The dog must go in the luggage compartment". The reasoning this time was that he was too

large and couldn't stand up in the plastic carrier, which the airline provided, when it was closed. That was absolutely true. Whether he was in the cabin or the luggage compartment, Buffy would have to lie down in the carrier the whole trip. I preferred to have him with me in a warm, air controlled cabin rather than a cold, noisy baggage compartment, confused, bewildered and frightened.

This time it really did look like it was going to be a lonely holiday for our little family - two parts in Michigan and one part in California! I was willing to stay in Michigan if Buffy couldn't be with me in the cabin and it appeared that was the way it would be. Our landlord was still with us and seemed to be contemplating the whole situation. He was our new landlord since the duplex had recently been sold. He and his wife were also living in the front part of the duplex as the previous owner had but, our

new landlord was a salesman. In case you hadn't already guessed, "no" is not in a salesman's vocabulary. He simply stood quietly, asking a few pertinent questions which finally provoked the clerk to say, after about fifteen minutes, "Well, put him in the carrier once more".

The plastic carrier with its absorbent liner was sitting on the counter as was Buffy. Verbally and in a quiet voice, I commanded Buffy to get into the carrier. He obediently climbed in and stood still. Then I said, "Buffy lie down". Immediately, without batting his little stubby blond eyelashes, he lay down and immediately, the clerk closed the carrier and fastened it shut. "OK", he said in a resigned voice, and gave me my tickets. Buffy's ten dollar health certificate was never asked for.

Once on the plane I found that my seat was in the center section consisting of four

seats. One of the middle ones was mine and I settled into it holding Buffy temporarily on my lap till we would be ready to fly. I was talking soothingly into one of the carrier holes while a young girl seated on my right looked at me curiously. The two seats on my left were being settled by two other young girls and suddenly they said, "What's in the box?" "Woof" said the box and I could almost see the little tail trying to wiggle, waggle, but before I could answer them the stewardess said, "Please fasten your seat belts". Hurriedly, I tucked the carrier under the seat in front of me.

Five hours later we were circling the LAX airport in Los Angeles along with other planes hoping to land if the fog would allow it. We circled for an hour before the pilot came on the intercom and informed us we didn't have enough gas to continue circling the airport, but we did have enough gas to go to Las Vegas, so we would

proceed to Las Vegas and land there. It was 2 a.m. when we arrived in Las Vegas. Buffy had been in the carrier seven hours and I was quite anxious but didn't want to break the rules by opening and breaking the seals to his carrier before we got off the plane. The girls on either side of me encouraged me to open the carrier anyway and out popped Buffy, bright eyed and wiggly waggly amid Oh's and Ah's. People gathered all around. Buffy was just beginning to give a series of joyous woofs when someone spotted the stewardess. I quickly commanded him to lie down and shut the carrier lid again.

The plane became very cold since the motors weren't on and finally an hour later at 3 a.m., the stewardess said we could get off the plane. To my surprise, we all had to descend a long flight of metal stairs to the ground. The plane had landed on the far side of the airport away from the terminal

and this was the only way to get off the plane. With high heels and a lively box to hold level, it was quite tricky. It was also painful. Before we had left Grand Rapids I had quickly taken Buffy for a last minute walk and had slipped and fallen on the ice, bruising my left side and leg quite severely.

Once off the plane the three girls adopted Buffy and me and we all decided to share a room together. It took another hour in a long line of people to get our luggage and check into the hotel. We finally landed on the twenty first floor by 4 a.m.

Since our plane to Los Angeles was to leave by 10 a.m. we all opted to talk, play with Buffy and shower so we could catch the bus to the airport at seven. We ordered breakfast to be sent up to our room. It didn't make our departure time so we took the elevator down to the lobby to wait for the airport bus. Buffy was being carried now

outside the carrier and before we boarded the bus, he thought a little green area behind some bushes looked inviting.

At the airport we checked in and played some more with Buffy. A man came by and took Buff's picture and I hoped desperately that it didn't have anything to do with airport security or the airline we were flying with. About eleven o'clock we were told that the fog had cleared enough in Los Angeles so that we could fly there. So once again Buffy was put back into the carrier and under the seat. We arrived at 12 noon on the twenty fourth of December in time for a happy and Merry Christmas.

A TREE'S A TREE, ESPECIALLY WHEN ITS A TELEPHONE POLE

Buffy's first acquaintance with squirrels came on a cold winter day on a College Campus in Wheaton, Illinois. We were taking a walk along the snow cleared paths leading from one building to another. Next to one of the paths were some bare trees with several small noisy brown things scurrying along the ground and up in the trees. As we came closer, we found they were squirrels. Buffy tried to catch up with them to get acquainted and to sniff and waggle, but the squirrels wouldn't have any part of that sort of thing. They let it be known right away they didn't like us curtailing their ground activities and

scolded us from their vantage points on the leaf barren trees.

So in the Spring, Buffy was still a novice and when he saw a squirrel he would just run over to the tree and bark very excitedly. The squirrel would look down at him, snap his tail back and forth and scold just as excitedly.

It became quite evident a little coaching to play this game more effectively and satisfactorily was needed. So, Bob started coaching Buffy from the side lines - making him sit still on the back porch step whenever he saw a squirrel and "wait". His quiet voice would say "wait", "wait", "wait".

In the Spring, the squirrels would start running along the branches of the trees that made up the windbreak lining the field on the north side of our duplex. They would be

having a busy and delightful time running, jumping and chasing each other from limb to limb until they came to the last tree which was a pignut tree. Then a decision had to be made - either they would go back down the line of trees or run across the fifty foot expanse of lawn to the two telephone poles next to and south of our duplex. The established route became to run across the green expanse of lawn to the poles and up one of the poles if possible.

But just before their cautious scamper across the lawn is when the "wait", "wait", "wait", had to take place to insure a good chase. One squirrel would gingerly come down the pignut tree and slowly start the trek across the lawn. He would go a fourth of the way, a third of the way, then sit up on his hind legs looking all around to see if the way was clear, and then very cautiously proceed to the half way point and a fraction more and "Nowwww", shouted Bob. Buffy

appeared as though he were shot out of a cannon - ears laying back on his head and his tail flying straight out flat - running with all his might toward the squirrel. Invariably the squirrel would look forward and back and as a last resort, decide on a frantic dash for one of the poles with Buffy in hot, hot pursuit.

Of course, the squirrels always made it, but Buffy had the fun of the chase and also keeping them up those telephone poles, sometimes for hours. Buffy would gallantly back away twenty feet or so, waiting till the squirrel coyly decided to descend the pole, even to the point of letting the squirrel walk on the grass two or three feet away from the poles. Then, Buffy would run barking and tree - Ah, I mean, telephone-pole the squirrel again and again. The squirrels in climbing the poles circled its circumference in large circles till they reached the cross bar between the two poles where they

would sit, tails twitching on one side and head on the other scolding chi, chi, chi, chi at a very satisfied little dog.

After many attempts and multiple telephone polings, the squirrel would finally try to come down the back side of one the poles so Buffy couldn't see him. If he could make it all the way to the ground he was able to run around the front of the duplex to the large weeping willow tree next door, then to the apple tree, the pignut tree and down the windbreak of trees safely home. Other times we just had to call Buffy indoors so the squirrel could come down. However, the harassment never seemed too much for the squirrels and the game would go on day after day throughout the Spring, Summer and Fall.

WHO'S AFRAID?

Cats run, most dogs hide, children cry, hiding under blankets, but Buffy and his people just sat on the back door steps and watched with awe and wonder the summer electrical storms. Crashes of lighting and thunder, dark rainy clouds lashing stinging rain on our faces or soft refreshing drizzles as they hurriedly passed by.

Suddenly, the sun starts shining and everything is sunny and bright again. The earth is full of moist warmth. These are Michigan's summer days. Gardens are growing, wild berries are basking in the sun and people are busily vacationing after the long, cold snowy winter.

Buffy and Bob enjoyed their summer walks as much as their winter ones, bringing back each time many different surprises such as wild blackberries to eat fresh or make into jam, shafts of wheat for decorations or a very sandy, muddy haired, burr covered little dog.

Many times I would go along with them. Sometimes we'd take our bikes. The little wicker basket attached to the front of Bob's bike was Buffy's own private seat as we biked along the sidewalks. This was used when he was tired of running along side of us. The sidewalks were all sloped at the street crossings so we didn't have to bump, bump, up or off the curbs. Often we peddled up to the library and maybe a little further to a small plaza for a frostie. Buffy now only got finger licks even though they sometimes had lots of frostie on them.

One time we took our bikes through some fields to a favorite wild blackberry patch under some high power lines. We were happily eating and collecting berries, and quite unaware that dark clouds were stealthily darkening the blue sky. Before we realized it, it had started to drizzle then rain. Walking our bikes on the dirt path we were hustling to try and get back home but to no avail. The rain began coming down even harder. We were near a small grove of trees and decided to stop under their leafy protection. The clouds usually travelled fairly fast and we were certain the rain wouldn't last longer than ten or fifteen minutes. We could stay dry under the trees and then continue on home.

The leaves of the trees were holding the water nicely and we were staying fairly dry, when without warning, the leaves were pressured beyond their endurance. We were soaked! It was as though someone had

dropped the contents of a bucket of water on each of us. Certainly there was no use staying under the canopy of leaves now. Laughing, we sloshed our bikes through the mud and rain toward home with Buffy riding in the wicker basket attached to Bob's bike, soaked to his little pink skin.

Our supposedly fifteen minute rain was still pouring when we arrived at our kitchen door. Bob took the bikes around to the garage. Buffy shook himself and sprayed water all over under the cover of the backdoor projection. Once inside we piled our soggy clothes on the kitchen floor and headed for hot showers. Buffy, however, after a good toweling and rubbing was begging to go for another walk.

MACKINAC ISLAND

It was a lovely sunny day in early summer when four of us decided to take a trip to Mackinac Island. The fourth really didn't have any say as that was Buffy, so off we went in Casper, our trusty white Volkswagen. Stopping here and there along the way to take in the many views, we finally arrived in Mackinaw City. Since no cars are allowed on the island we had to buy tickets for a speedboat ride to get over to the Island. Buffy and Bob sat right up in the front of the boat where the spray and breeze was the strongest, enjoying it all the way across Lake Huron.

Arriving at the island we hurried to get

more tickets. This time for the horse drawn surrey ride around the island. On the run we bought a bag of the island's famous creamy fudge to snack on. You might say that Buffy snacked too as he licked the fudge from the chocolate fudgy fingers we held out for cleaning.

Klippy klop, klippy klop, Buffy alternately sat, stood, pawed Bob's lap while straining to smell and see everything. The last stop was the Grand Hotel where we walked around the colorful gardens. Another surrey had stopped to let people off so we climbed aboard to go back to the boat area for our return trip to Mackinaw City.

This boat wasn't just a speedboat. This was a large double decker ferry boat. There wasn't any spray or breeze in our faces as we sat high up from the water on the deck. Maybe that was why Buffy suddenly looked green. Bob jumped up, dashed to the rail

holding Buffy over the side, finding we had a very seasick little dog. Really, really seasick! It took terra firma to put a little starch back in his spine. Even then, we left him at the motel with water, food, and his bed nest while we went out to eat. Returning, we found him feeling somewhat better but still preferring his bed. By morning, however, he was thoroughly refreshed and ready for another adventure.

Fort Michilimackinac was our adventure and history lesson. The original Fort was built in 1715 by the French but British forces occupied it from 1761 to 1781. It had been rebuilt to show visitors how the settlers had lived. Reconstructed buildings included the priest's house, the guardhouse, block houses, barracks, storehouses, a blacksmith shop, a French church, a British trader's house and vegetable gardens. They even had wooden stocks for discipline. Buffy, with Bob's help, tried one out for

size, looking for all the world like he thought it was an awfully big collar and what size dog would wear this anyway? Of course, his feet didn't reach the ground which would have been more like hanging if Bob hadn't been holding him up. Funny little dog!

A TALE OF A LONG TAIL

On a very hot summer July evening a very exciting and remarkable experience began. Our basement stored many dried watermelon, sunflower and wildflower seeds for decorations and gerbil food. Lately, however, the watermelon and sunflower seeds seemed to be getting used up rather rapidly. Perhaps, the gerbils were enjoying too many treats through our generosity and desire to enjoy their scampering around their cage. Of course, we knew the wildflower seeds would fall off little by little as the decorations dried, but it seemed as though quite a few were falling recently. Well, we thought, its probably because of the heat.

Also because of the heat, the three of us began spending the evenings in the basement, half of which was fixed up very comfortably as a den. It had couches, a wall to wall outdoor rug, chairs and bookcases filled with books to enjoy. This particular evening Buffy jumped up, ran over to the uncarpeted half of the basement and started an unusual sniffing and snuffing campaign. Idly watching him for a while, I finally quietly climbed the stairs to turn the lightswitch on for that side of the basement. I motioned to Bob and he went over to Buffy to see what all the fuss was about. Something black streaked across the basement floor. Oh no! It looked like a black snake, humped and moving very fast. Could a snake move that fast? Where did it go?

Several times in the past there had been a snake around the outside of the house. It

had hidden between the back porch steps next to the basement foundation while shedding its skin. There also was still a remnant of a hole by the front porch where a snake had had his home. Could it, would it be, Nooo, it wasn't possible that one had somehow finally found a cozier home in our basement.

Like it or not, the snake or "something" must have hid in some boards we had stacked over by the wall. Carefully, Bob began removing the boards one by one by one, and Lo and Behold! he suddenly uncovered one bright eyed, long tailed black mouse and Zoom--- he was gone!

We had to catch him! What to do? Our first momentarily relief was to realize it wasn't a snake, and next that we hadn't been over treating the gerbils with the diminishing supplies of seeds after all. Bob to the rescue! He barricaded the basement

floor into sections with those stacked boards that were positively supposed to have been made into another bookcase two years ago. Then he started handing me boxes from the barricaded areas but no little mouse was anywhere to be found. That shrewd mouse had totally disappeared. It seemed that while Buffy had been racing and sniffing around trying to keep us posted on major mouse developments, and Bob was busily building barricades and I was nervously moving boxes, the little mouse had just quietly slipped away.

Well, he had to be somewhere in the basement and if he wasn't found, he just might bring his friends and relatives to feast sumptuously on our other stored foods of nuts, rice and wheat. But since at the present he seemed to be enjoying the gerbil's seeds so much, perhaps he went back over there again. No, nothing behind the soap boxes or in the seed box or behind

the laundry baskets. How about under that nice jumbled-up hooked rug? That certainly would be a good place to hide and eek! there he is - over your shoe Bob - Buffy get him! Grab the wastebasket - get him, get him! Hurry!! Quick, something to cover him with. Try the wastebasket. He's under the wastebasket. What'll we put him in now? He can't stay under the basket. He keeps jumping! Here's a empty glass gallon juice bottle. Could we possibly get him through the small neck into the bottle?

Somehow, willingly, the little mouse crept through a hole in the cardboard that was placed over the wastebasket opening and into the gallon juice bottle and became "quiet as a mouse". For a long time he sat very still, all of us looking at each other.

Buffy had his little black nose pressed against the glass making little whimpering sounds before he finally decided to doze a

bit. Bob tilted the bottle, causing the little mouse to stretch out showing how long he was and what delicate little fingers he had. The mouse sensed he was trapped and when he was again able, he huddled himself into a small black ball, watching and waiting. A small piece of cheese dropped into the bottle finally became a irresistible temptation. At first, he smelled it, but wouldn't touch or move toward it for about five minutes. Then throwing caution to the wind, he devoured it, scratched his head, cleaned his delicate fingers, and very slowly moved his head around while twitching his long black whiskers. He then again cleaned himself in general and with a new confidence and boldness decided to jump to see if he could get out of the bottle.

To make a short tale out of a long tail, we showed the little mouse to our landlord who was amused, his wife appalled and then Buffy, Bob and I decided on a

moonlight walk through the field and across the road to let the little black mouse go free.

To this day Buffy remembers the mouse. At various times we bait him by saying "mouse - mouse". These magic words cause an excited whimpering and rushing around whatever room we're in. He'll squeeze halfway under chairs and furniture in an effort to find "the mouse". Sometimes we used to let him see, at a distance, the wooden mouse with the long leather tail and barking and jumping he would try to get it.

Then one Christmas, we succumbed and bought him his own mouse. It wasn't the real one Bob always teasingly suggested, but a fake brown furry one with big ears and a long felt tail. Buffy took immediate possession and guarded his mouse by growling and holding it tightly in his mouth. Often he would fiercely shake it by the ears and lose his hold and the mouse would go

flying through the air. Then with a puzzled expression on his face, he would rush around to find his mouse. He always shook it wildly when he found it as though scolding it thoroughly.

He became a changed little dog and it took a while for him to allow us to play "mousey" with him. Finally, he was able to grudgingly bring the mouse to us and gently put it in our hands. Then if that wasn't enough, we would squeeze the mouse slightly, wiggling its ears so it appeared to be alive. Buffy would then bark in a high pitched excited voice and the chase through the house was on, ending in hiding the mouse under a chair or on the coffee table. Where, oh where, could that mousey be? Dancing on his hind legs to see the top of chairs and the coffee table or wiggling under furniture he would eventually find his pet and cuddle him under his chest for a well earned snooze.

A TIME TO GIVE AND A TIME TO KEEP AWAY

Buffy, like all pets, had a multiple of pet names depending on the characteristics being displayed at the moment or the mood of his owners. Most didn't make much sense like pumpkin-eater, pooky, honey bunny, sugar plum, etc., but "tiger" fit Buffy when he believed himself to be "so fierce". Beside his mouse, there have been several other things that have provoked this "tiger" reaction.

One other Christmas we were wondering what to get Buffy and a turkey flavored pressed bone seemed like a perfect choice for an extra treat. Christmas finally arrived

and we delightedly gave him his bone. He looked and sniffed, then didn't pay any more attention to it. That wasn't the kind of appreciation we anticipated or expected, so Bob teased him a little with the bone making a game of it.

Then, Bob broke a little piece off and tossed it. Buffy ran after it and before he realized it, he had crushed it between his teeth getting the full flavor of turkey. Suddenly, he wanted that bone. After a little more play on our part and a sudden determined desire on Buffy's part, we gave the bone to him.

From then on, it was his bone. No one dared come within two feet of him without getting the growl treatment indicating "This is my bone, go away". However, his training did triumph over his natural instincts and on command, but still growling, he came to Bob. With another command of "Drop it" he

very reluctantly released the bone into Bob's hand. He was a very good, obedient dog and after some hugging and praise the bone became his, all his, and we stayed away while he enjoyed his treat.

FOREVER LEARNING

In order to attend a one week conference, when Buffy was very young, it was decided he should be left in a dog kennel. The kennel we chose looked clean and the owner, a lady, was very nice showing us an immaculate kennel where each dog had its own run for exercising. The best part was that they took each dog out occasionally to give the dog some personal loving attention. Very impressive! We were delighted knowing that Buffy would be so well taken care of while we were on our week vacation.

Returning in giddy confidence to collect our "one of a kind" we were totally shocked

to find a blank eyed, confused little dog. He didn't even recognize us. When he finally did, he let out a croak that sounded like a bullfrog, confirming a magnificant case of "Kennel Cough".

In all fairness, Kennel Cough really isn't a kennel's fault. It is extremely contagious. Any dog could have been exposed just before being left at the kennel and that would have been enough to infect every dog. Sometimes medication helps and sometimes it doesn't. Buffy went to the doctor for over a month but the cough finally went away only in its own time. Nevertheless, we decided from that point on Buffy would only be boarded with family or close friends or taken with us.

With this lesson, we thought Buffy would be protected from avoidable health problems, but the truth was we had to learn again. Years later when we were moving

back to California to live, the three of us were enjoying wandering through various states and decided to stop to see the beautiful Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico. The time was July and the weather was hot, so hot, that our first concern was to find a place to stay, then eat and rest. Buffy stayed at the front desk with the lady who owned the motel while we went out to eat. She had a rule that animals could not stay alone in the motel rooms. After we returned we enjoyed a nice swim cooling us off and then a well needed rest.

The next day we decided to see the Carlsbad Caverns National Park and took Buffy with us. Our discouraging discovery was that no dogs were allowed in the caverns. It was too hot to leave Buffy in the car so we were missing our only time to see the caverns. We couldn't resist looking around a little bit, noticing that a nursery for children was provided. That sure was nice.

Bob nudged me and pointed to a sign next to the nursery. It was a kennel. People were leaving their dogs while touring the caverns. That certainly was a kind and thoughtful provision for tourists and we jumped at our opportunity. Buffy was hurriedly admitted and we ran to get in on the tour which lasted almost four hours.

The Caverns were found by Abijah Long in 1903, became a National Monument in 1923 and then in 1930, Congress voted to make it a National Park. At present the Federal Government supervises the Caverns making them available to people from every land to enjoy.

Our tour began by descending a long icy stairway into the limestone caverns that had been hollowed out by water which slowly enlarged crevices and cracks. When the water receded below the water table the Caverns became empty holes in the earth

reaching their maximum size. Then mineral deposits began from water seeping downward from the surface. Each drop contained a minute portion of limestone. Drops remaining on the ceiling where the moisture would evaporate, left a tiny ring of limestone deposit. As these deposits accumulated they formed stalactites (dripstone formations) which had the shape of icicles. Drops of moisture dropping to the floor of the caverns would produce dripstone deposits known as stalagmites. Sometimes the stalactites and stalagmites would join together and make a solid pillar. The Caverns also contain other mineral deposits as iron oxide which are responsible for the many different colors seen in many places within the rooms of the Caverns.

Water flowing over the surface made masses which resembled ice and formed on the floors of the rooms. One of the rooms call the "Big Room" is 100 feet high and

200 feet across at the base and the "Twin Domes" stalagmites that are one of the largest, are said to be more than 100 feet high and 200 feet across at the base. It was all so cold and magnificent! The long stairways, rooms filled with the dripstone formations and the many colors! What wonderful things God has created for people to enjoy! It was a memorable and wonderful tour.

It was time to pick Buffy up, who was so happy to see us, and continue our drive to California. While intermittently splashing water on Buff's tummy to keep him cool, we noticed he was scratching himself occasionally but thought nothing of it. Finally out of the heat and back in California with several enjoyable days behind us, we noticed Buffy constantly and vigorously scratching. Looking casually through his fur we found large fleas plus large angry runny red infected bites. Quite a

bit of money later and large shaved body areas on his small pink body it dawned on us that the lovely kennel, that lovely convenient kennel, at the Carlsbad Caverns was infected with the biggest, hungryist fleas imaginable. We really hoped we'd learned our lesson this time.

THE GREAT RUNAWAY

Some nine years later it was time to leave Michigan for good and move back to California. Our return to California was to a hot, hot summer and one especially warm evening we opened the outside doors hoping for a little breeze. Buffy sat on the threshold of the front door enjoying the street activities of squirrels and passerbys. He always loved to look out the window at the outdoor scenes. This first started when he was less than a year old and we put him on the desk top in the den to watch the Cedar Waxwings eating the Pyrocantha berries. They came in a flock and denuded the bush in about an hour. It was quite a sight. Later, in Michigan, to our surprise we

returned home to find him sitting on the coffee table next to the bay window looking outside. He looked so cute that we hated to tell him this was a "No No". However, he seemed to understand as there never appeared any telltale scratches on the wood or did we find him there again.

Time had been passing and after a TV show I looked around to see what Buffy was doing but he wasn't at his watching post. This didn't seem to be a problem as in Michigan he usually wandered around the house getting a drink of water, or sitting next to us before returning to watch at the door. It was after another show that we noticed that we really hadn't seen him for quite a while. It seemed to me I ought to find out where he was, so wandering around the house and then around the garden and finally running to Bob, I excitedly said "I can't find the dog anywhere".

Since Buffy's hair was semi-long and his collar and dog tags seemed to always get all tangled together in his fur, we kept his identification in a little box instead of around his neck,* which at that moment meant we seemed to have dog tags but no dog. In a strange neighborhood anything could happen to a little inexperienced dog without dog tags. The house was quickly locked up and one of us was going to go down one group of streets and the other the other streets. Just then, Bob's parents came and we told them we lost the dog. They decided to drive around another part of the neighborhood and see if they might find him.

Hoping, but not knowing if Buffy might wander down to the busy main street several blocks away, I turned toward that direction to be sure. A man walking his own dog on a leash hadn't seen a little white dog. Alternating running and then walking fast

down several blocks I turned the corner of the next street and saw a women walking. Hurrying to catch up to her before she could enter into a house, I suddenly saw Buffy in her arms and called "BUFFY". She turned and said "Oh, is this your little dog? I found him wandering around and took him home but my husband said I couldn't have anymore animals since our last dog died. I was just going to go around the neighborhood to see if someone else would take him and just finished trying to talk a man down the street into just keeping him overnight".

Finally, with what seemed an eternity, she handed him over to me but not before Buffy gave her a couple growls which sounded like he was trying to reassure me he really hadn't wanted to stay with the lady. By this time the seekers had all assembled and verified that Buffy was truly our little dog and the great runaway adventurer had a

happy ending.

* In spite of long hair it is always in the best interest and concern for your pets to have some form of identification on them. People that find pets don't know the age, medicines, feeding habits or shots the dog has had or needs.

LIVE AND LEARN

It was 3 a.m. and we were awakened by Buffy's excited huffing and puffing and frantic running around in the house. Sleepy with sleep, we couldn't imagine what was going on. Finally Buffy dashed back to our bed barking, and THAT DID IT! It provided the impetus needed for our under-the-house nocturnal visitor to honor us with the distinguished title of "Most Fragrant House in the Neighborhood". Buffy huddled close to Bob, looking at him with questioning eyes as if to say "What Happened?"

The following morning an inspection of the house located "What Happened". All three crawl holes were open and their

screens down on the ground. Any animal who was willing to make the slightest effort could get underneath the house where a cool and luxurious den was available to sleep away the daylight hours. (All houses built on a foundation rather than a cement slab have crawl holes).

What an unbearable week, especially since we had always been the ones to hurriedly close all car vents and windows when traveling if there was the slightest hint of a stripped pussycat anywhere around. Now we had a full dose of fragrance all to ourselves and it crept into every nook and cranny taking its own sweet time to dissipate. It seemed like it would last forever.

It also took the skunk what seemed like forever to finally change his nightly routine. Perhaps it was because he had become so used to sleeping under the house during the

day. This seemed likely since once before the odor of his fragrance was in the right hand corner of the livingroom. It was very strong indoors and faint outdoors, therefore we felt he had to be under the house. Before moving into the house it had been vacant for over a month allowing ample time for any animal to stake a claim making it his territory. So, for a while we were reaping rather frequently the skunk's fragrant wrath at being evicted from his nice cozy home.

Our first effort was to place large plastic buckets in front of the crawl holes but each morning they would be moved slightly and the wooden frame screens behind them were again on the ground. The skunk was going in one crawl hole and out another. Urgency pressed upon us and one by one the wooden frames were secured with wire screening and hooks. Finally fresh air began again to prevail. Even then there was evidence that the skunk had been around the

house. Each night we carefully closed our driveway gates but the next morning there would be a hole dug in the dirt next to the gates big enough so an animal could crawl under and into the backyard. Some bricks were placed underneath that part of the gates and the holes filled with dirt. Success at last! Finally we had managed to change his route and the direction of his fragrance.

Many times after that Buffy still became excited when he heard or smelled a skunk outside at night. Fortunately for us, he's always been indoors and learned to refrain from loud barking. The little black dog next door wasn't so lucky and needed two tomato baths in one week to try and rid her of her encounters with the skunk. That was one experience that we were glad to avoid especially since the little dog hid under the bedroom bed after being sprayed by the skunk.

Many years have passed now since Buffy first crawled into Bob's warm hand and went to sleep. His friendliness and enthusiasm always abounded even though he sometimes didn't always hear us immediately toward the end when we whistled or called. He slept a lot more, but if there was a ball to chase, a party or friends to greet, he'd be right there, little dancing, prancing, wiggly, waggly bundle of charm, but then, "THAT'S BUFFY".

A Tribute To
"BUFFY"

who by the Grace of God
gave his owners and
those around him
much joy and happiness
through his sweet personality
and funny antics.

July 11, 1969 ----- October 28, 1986

K-9 TIPS FOR SURROGATE PARENTS

1. TRAINING - All dogs need training and 6 months is a good time to start. Animals in the wild are trained by their parents. Animals need to feel loved and secure through consistent attitudes, praise and touch. Never loose your temper or strike out in anger.
2. Buy grooming tools such as nail clippers, files, shampoo, brushes at pet stores. Don't use household sissors or other items on your dog. Keep his/her supplies separate.
3. Dogs are generally more calm and docile after being exercise and that is a good time for grooming.

4. NEVER EXERCISE YOUR DOG IN THE SUMMER HEAT. Early mornings or late evenings is the right time. If possible, change his/her drinking water every few hours.

5. Dogs sweat through panting and the pads of their feet which is the only way they exchange the hot air inside their bodies for cooler outside air. When the temperature outside the body is hotter than the dog's own body temperature, it could result in heat exhaustion and death in just a few minutes.

6. DON'T WALK YOUR DOG ON HOT STREETS, sidewalks or beach sand which can burn and sting their pads.

7. NEVER LEAVE A PET IN A CAR DURING THE DAY IN THE SUMMER, even if you park in the shade and leave the window slightly open.

8. HOW TO COOL AN OVERHEATED PET. (Heat exhaustion can be identified by excessive panting with heaving sides or a deep red or purple tongue, blurry eyes and dizziness). Cool your pet fast by putting him in a hose shower or under a garden hose and feed him ice cubes or ice cream.

9. DO NOT LET AN OVERHEATED ANIMAL DRINK AN UNLIMITED AMOUNT OF WATER. The animal can easily drink itself to death.

10. CHECK PADS for cuts and irritations regularly, especially if your pet is biting his/her pads or limping. Carefully wash and dry pads and put an antiseptic on the wound to avoid the possibility of infection. To help prevent the uncomfortable buildup of snow, mud, and sand, etc., between your pet's footpads, clip excessive hair carefully around each pad.

11. CHECK YOUR DOG'S NAILS EVERY MONTH. The nails should be just off the ground. Either have the veterinarian trim them or have him show you how to do it.

12. DO NOT LET YOUR PET RIDE HEAD INTO THE WIND IN THE CAR as it can cause serious eye damage.

13. Avoid giving your pet chocolate as it can make them very ill and sometimes even cause death.